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Plain Language About a Man in the Camp.

We have the greatest admiration for the magnanimity and forbearance which President TAFT has recently displayed in the case of his Postmaster-General and insubordinate, the Hon. FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, but we are bound to say that we think the forgiveness was misbestowed. If it is true, as implied in some of the newspaper reports of the recent astounding incident, that the man who had so impudently outraged the decencies of official and personal relations with his chief in the matter of the telegraph and telephone purchase recommendation went to plead with a whine and departed with a grin, the President has only himself to blame for what may be the consequences of mistaken lenity. The facial expression that ought to have clothed the Postmaster-General's countenance when he turned his back upon a too justly angry chief is that of real pain under proper discipline; the look of the man who has just been told to go and write his resignation within ten minutes.

To two things President TAFT is fairly entitled, at least, we think such should be the opinion of every honest and disinterested observer of the present situation.

The first thing is the renomination which he has earned by giving the country, as the representative of the Republican party, an administration faithful to Republican legislation before and during his own time, upright and economical, untouched by scandal of any sort, patriotic and pure almost beyond comparison. For his party to set him aside now for another would be his party's self-condemnation.

The second thing to which Mr. TAFT is manifestly entitled at this time is the loyalty and devotion of his official family, of the men whom he has chosen to share his administrative fortunes. Politicalwisdom, practical efficiency cannot be had for the mere asking, but absolute fidelity, political and personal, is perhaps not too much to expect.

He is not getting this last thing from the Postmaster-General in his Cabinet. Mr. FRANK H. HITCHCOCK is everything as a politician and a manipulator of preliminaries that his chief is not. The compliment is intended for the Chief Magistrate rather than for the Postmaster-General, but the statement is true. We are very much in error if such abilities as might be exercised legitimately by a Cabinet member in behalf of a President who is a frankly announced and properly interested candidate for the renomination that is his by right and precedent are not at present working minus instead of plus. Whether the purpose of Mr. HITCHCOCK'S recent performance was self-magnification or the embarrassment of the man to whom loyalty was due if loyalty was ever due, or, again, whether it denoted a darker and deeper treachery of design, the fact remains the same. The suspect should today be outside, not inside the camp.

Arbitrated.

When a man has been a member of the Chicago City Council for eight years unparliamentary language can hardly ruffle his feelings. Perhaps that explains why the Hon. MARTIN BARNABY MADDEN of the First Illinois district did not go outside when urged to do so by the Hon. BEN JOHNSON of Bardstown, Ky., in the House of Representatives the other day. The two gentlemen had had words over an appropriation for motorcycles for elevator inspectors in the District of Columbia, Mr. MADDEN being in favor of it and Colonel JOHNSON against it in the interests of Democratic economy. In a general irrelevant way the Colonel twitted Mr. MADDEN, who represents a millionaire district in Chicago, with being a friend of the corporations. There was this passage, which the *Congressional Record* prints without using the blue pencil:

"Mr. MADDEN: Mr. Chairman, I take exception to the statement of the gentleman from Kentucky.

"Mr. JOHNSON of Kentucky: Take exception to it outside. There is the place. I will talk to the gentleman outside. The gentleman can see me any time he wants to.

"Mr. MADDEN: I am not a prizefighter, Mr. Chairman, and I do not make any claims to be such.

"Mr. JOHNSON of Kentucky: Come on and go out there now. [Laughter.] A coward can sit down and laugh, and that is all he can do."

It is only fair to Colonel JOHNSON to make clear that he did not apply the opprobrious term of coward to Mr. MADDEN, but to the careless members who laughed when he invited the ex-Alderman outside. There is a sense of humor even in Congress. Colonel JOHNSON is a six footer, always down to fighting weight, and so impervious to the thought of danger that he goes up in aeroplanes with army officers. Moreover he has a war record in Kentucky, which is creditable to him as a champion of law and order. Ex-Alderman MADDEN, as he modestly said, is not a prizefighter; nor is he a fighter of any kind, except for and against appropriations. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the Hon. MARTIN BARNABY MADDEN going "out" with Colonel BEN JOHNSON to settle a personal difficulty. Of course members with a sense of humor laughed.

All's well that ends well. After the session was over friends intervened, and through the arbitration of Judge HARDWICK of Georgia the Colonel and the ex-Aldermen were brought together, apologized handsomely to each other and clasped hands in amity. If the altercation had been over an extra biplane for the army or navy we could understand Colonel JOHNSON'S asperity, but to call a gentleman out for a mere motorcycle seemed hardly worth while. Fortunately the ex-Alderman did not "go up in the air"; his training in the Chicago City Council stood him in good stead.

We are glad to see that Colonel JOHNSON has since made the amende honorable to Mr. MADDEN on the floor of the House, generously taking all the blame of the unparliamentary scene upon himself, and appealed to members to forget the incident and dwell together in fraternal good will.

Hydrophobia and Superstitions About It.

Compared to diseases like cholera and smallpox hydrophobia seems insignificant. Although it is numerically so, the anxiety and terror it inspires and the loss of time and money incident to a Pasteur treatment away from home furnish a combination of conditions which go far to lend great significance to hydrophobia and to make efforts for its suppression imperative. Even the dog lovers may be moved by the fact that thousands of valuable animals, besides the pets that are valuable to them only, are annually sacrificed to rabies. In 1908, for instance, two large hunt clubs in the United States were forced to destroy their entire kennels of valuable dogs. The main impelling force for more earnest and active interest in hydrophobia, however, rests in the fact that it is the most easily prevented infectious disease known. Popular ignorance alone presents almost insurmountable obstacles to the entire abolition of this disease. Some of the superstitions entertained by otherwise intelligent people are pernicious:

1. That killing the dog would preserve the life of the bitten individual. Last summer the intelligent superintendent of a large estate in the Adirondacks burst into the room of a physician who happened to be a visitor with the anxious inquiry if it would be safe not to kill a dog which had just bitten a child and the owner of which preferred to be discharged to losing the pet dog. The latter was kept in a cage formerly occupied by a pet bear for ten days, and not showing any sign of rabies was freed. It is not generally known that a dog under suspicion must be detained at least ten days where he is not liable to injure any one in order to ascertain if he is suffering from rabies. All anxiety regarding the possibility of the disease developing at some distant period may thus be removed, even if the dog develops rabies within several succeeding weeks. Nor is it known that after the lapse of one year no apprehension of rabies need be felt.

2. The belief in the "madstone," which usually consists of a conglomeration of hair and vegetable fibre obtained from the stomachs of various animals, is another destructive fetish. Immediate cauterization and Pasteur treatment are thus deferred or not resorted to, and the patient's chances for preventing rabies are minimized. It is almost incredible that in this enlightened age families have kept these madstones for generations with almost religious earnestness, and that people have made long journeys and paid large sums to obtain their benefits.

3. Dogs that should be suspected are allowed to go abroad because they do not manifest dread of water. It is not generally known that animals have in the early stages of the disease crossed streams and drunk freely of the water. Fear of water is always present in human rabies, but rarely if ever in the canine in any stage of the disease.

4. Another dangerous fallacy is the belief in the dog days. While more dogs are likely to be bitten during the less inclement months, when more are running in the open, the difference is negligible; there is a difference of only 6 per cent. between the second and last quarters of the year.

5. The reality of rabies is doubted by some persons, even by physicians. Ask the latter for a reason and they will say they have never seen a case. The absurdity of such a reason is obvious when it is considered that the Surgeon-General's library in Washington had up to 1895 catalogued 2,738 books, monographs, &c., by 2,447 authors, that ARISTOTLE 400 B. C. clearly described the disease, and CELSUS in the first century A. D. coined the word "hydrophobia." It is mentioned in Ovid, Plutarch and other classics. The infectious character of rabies was discovered in 1804 by ZINKE, and PASTEUR devised in 1885 the preventive inoculation which has reduced mortality to a fraction of 1 per cent. The fact that occasionally a case occurs like that reported in THE SUN of January 14 is seized by the anti-vivisectionists, who love their fellow dog better than their fellow man, as proof of the futility of sacrificing animals in the effort to ameliorate sickness and prevent death. It cannot be disputed, however, that less than one-half per cent. of inoculations fail.

6. Some even claim that hydrophobia is more prevalent since Pasteur institutes have been established. This absurd impression is similar to the idea that appendicitis has become known only since its successful surgical treatment was discovered. Fortunately no disease is more susceptible of prevention.

The Doom of the Waiter.

Has the time come to say good-by to our friend the waiter? Has the moment arrived to bestow on the servant of our noon lunches a final largess, accept in return that condescending acknowledgment which comes where generosity keeps pace with expectation, rather than deserving, and turn to the newer, better times, wherein a machine and not a man provides?

If the veracious announcement of a London journal, fortified with photographs, is to be accepted, this time of farewell has come. Only a few more days remain in which it will be permitted us to enter our familiar restaurant, accept the daily tribute to vanity which the head waiter's look of recognition brings and march to the accustomed seat guarded against the common herd, the tipless rabble, by that faithful, leaden footed, futile waiter, whom a cloak of invisibility encompasses when time is short, but whose ubiquity imposes when the end has come, that is the real end, the tip.

Hereafter, so the London notice forecasts, our entrance will be unattended. Instead of the salvo of salutes from descending grades of waiters we shall march straight to our table, grasp the lever of a clocklike machine, not unfamiliar already in a few hotels in this country, but newly brought to full perfection, and turning the hands to the circumference where appear the appropriate labels of meat and drink, summon the desired delicacy.

Then, presently, instantaneously perhaps, from nowhere, borne on swift wings, rising from the floor like FREDERICK the Great's famous table, by tube or tunnel, there will appear the food but not the waiter.

How many things will vanish with the waiter! The tip, dearest evil of all the corruption of social existence, daily subject of protest in the press, weekly occasion for denunciation in the pulpit, the vice all men abhor, and enjoy; placing their coins with secret ostentation upon the plate to challenge the admiration of companion and purchase the approval of the beneficiary.

Gone too will be the daily banter, the habitual unbending, the small condescension disguised as extreme good humor, the slight patronage which is the essence of true democracy. For our favorite pleasantry, long ago become a custom, the required comment of the weather, the unfailing criticism of the menu, there will be substituted only the silence of the machine, the unsatisfying, unstimulating tinkle of the bell which rings once, and then no more, until the appetite's expansion claims another record.

A stupid fellow, this friend the waiter, but still a sly one; the maker of many miracles, of landslips of china and earthquakes of metal, yet able to gauge to a fraction the faults, the not unattractive weaknesses, foibles, harmless vanities, of his charges. Will a machine supply his place? Will food mechanically delivered make up for all that now takes the place of food? Is it permitted to us to doubt?

Troubles of the Too Rich Boy.

Sad the tale in the newspapers of the poor little rich boy, surrounded with lackeys, diligently fenced against kidnappers, watched in his drives and rides as if he were a visiting sovereign threatened by anarchists, hedged and splendid; initiated before his teens into the order of the bored.

To be a rich man, in moderation, and so without everlasting publicity and espionage, is a fate that most of us would welcome with open and eager arms, but a rich boy loses so much fun! To be cleaner than it is the nature of boys to be; to be tracked by footmen, maids, governesses; to have no chance at beautiful fights, throwing rocks and language; to be free from the casual intimacies and sudden combats of the race of boys; to be civilized while most of the rest of them are absolutely savage; to have no collection of black eyes or marbles won from dangerous, disreputable and fascinating "bad boys"; to look like "a good boy," an impossible boy, that nightmare of youth, recommended and secretly despised by parents and thumped "in the snoot" wherever and whenever a chance shows its forelock by the wicked children to whom he is an example: if rich boys are like that, excuse us. Instead, after a youth of bracing and hilarious poverty, we shall inherit a million from some distant and centennial relative.

What does a rich, a too rich boy have in his pockets? Surely not the museum of pickings and keepings which the poor and bad boy has always with him.

Madison Square Garden.

There is, it appears, compensation for the failure of the promoters to complete the financing of the loft buildings to occupy the site of Madison Square Garden. "Deliberate delay may be wise cunctation, and slowness no slothfulness." Not that the delay in this matter has been deliberate. But it has sufficed to make sundry circus managers reinstitute the inquiry of DANIEL WEBSTER, "Where am I to go?" There is good hope that they may not have to go at all, but may stay, and this announcement will be very welcome to the thousands to whom "the place was called Gan Eden, or the Garden of Delight," and who have cast rueful glances backward, like our first parents, at the thought of being driven out of their Eden and kept out by real estate speculators with a flaming sword.

"Circenses" have been in fact the chief civic function of the Garden. To accommodate the Horse Show, which had been incommoded, up to 1889, by the train shed which the Harlem road left on the site when Commodore VANDERBILT consolidated it with the Hudson River and moved its station up to Forty-second street, was a main object of the new building. It was equipped with appliances of accommodation for man and beast, primarily designed for the Horse Show but equally available for the circus. THEODORE THOMAS, who like other conductors had been doomed to give concerts in it, and who before its erection had been even reduced to giving a "Wagner Festival" in the Seventh Regiment Armory, wrote, in his old age: "Our monster American halls and theatres are fit only for mass meetings and horse shows. Orchestral music of every school is ineffective in them." "Mass meetings and horse shows" are of the entertainments for which the arena offered unique provision. The most memorable of the mass meetings was possibly the occasion on which Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN made his first raid into what he so tactfully called the enemy's country, what time the enemy, having struggled fiercely to get into the arena, were struggling as fiercely, within ten minutes after he began to speak, to get out again. But horse shows and all that they imply have been the constant demand which the arena supplied, and the generic "horse show" is likely to outlast the obsolescent animal after which it is named.

It is the arena only which may fairly be said to be indispensable civically. It is the tower alone which may be said to be indispensable architecturally. Nobody cares much about the minor places of amusement at the Madison avenue end, as is shown by the fact that they have not been able to attract enough people so far to the east and south of the actual amusement centre to pay their expenses. A comparatively shallow and comparatively low fringe of building along the western front of the arena would do no harm. With only an entrance reserved sufficient to indicate as well as to give access to the amphitheatre behind, such a fringe of building might be prefixed to the arena, by the right architect, as would prevent the present Madison avenue front from being regretted, and would indeed be much less hurtful than the apartment houses which flank the entrance to the Metropolitan Opera House. The "office building eight stories high" which is suggested would not fatally obscure the tower, as anybody may see who looks at the tower in conjunction with the buildings of that height almost immediately to the south of it. It is by all means to be hoped that the tower may be preserved and the fringe of building stopped short of it. There seems to be no insuperable obstacle to its preservation, though no doubt there is a difficulty in finding a profitable use for it. To honeycomb it with windows, after the manner of the ordinary office building, and thereby destroy its massiveness of wall, would spoil if not ruin its architectural effect. But it might become an admirable "tower of records" for a corporation in want of such a thing without any unpairment whatever of its effect.

The two things about the Garden which it is very desirable to keep are the arena as an object of utility and the tower as a thing of beauty.

Railways in the Holy Land are an old story now, but there is a certain novelty in the announcement that the Dead Sea is at last navigated by a motor boat.

Spend surplus money where you acquire it. *Washington Herald*

So wisdom cries out in vain. For what says the proverb? "Money is good to spend and New York is good to spend it in."

What a fine "old world" look Old South Middle has; and what parvenus it makes of the magnificences that have supplanted the other homely handsome dignified brethren of Brick Row.

Boston has the opportunity to do honor to her first Cardinal by helping to preserve the Church of San Clemente from which Cardinal O'CONNELL takes his title. The church is remarkable even in Rome as a compendium of historical archæology. It is made up of two basilicas, one built over the other, and the lower one, erected in the third century after Christ and the meeting place of one of the first Councils of the Church, is the most perfect example of an early Christian basilica in Rome. The upper church dates from the twelfth century and contains important frescoes by MASACCIO. The foundation rests on a portion of the imperial wall of Rome, which holds part of a temple of MITHRA, with the altar still in place, and this in turn is built on part of the walls of the Rome of the Republic.

The foundations have long been filled with water and there is danger that all the buildings on them may collapse. It is proposed to drain the water off by a large tunnel 800 yards long, which will cost $15,000; of this a tenth has been subscribed. The scheme appeals to antiquarians and art lovers as much as to Catholics, for San Clemente is a treasure house of works of art that cannot be removed, mosaics and frescoes, as well as the buildings themselves, besides being a most interesting monument of early Christianity. The sum needed is small, so that it would be easy for Boston to perform a graceful act.

The Nuptial Utility of the Cigar Band.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Who is this creature who signs himself "The Original Anti-Band Man"? Does he seriously think of removing from cigars their only virtue? It is quite evident he is not a father, or even an uncle; but has he no friends with children who wish to marry their nurses? How, if you please, would these nuptial rights be carried out if the cigar bands were abolished? In the name of the children yet to be born, I say never. A. H. B.

BROWN'S MILLS-IN-THE-PINES, N. J., January 20.

Bridge.

One looked ahead with anxious care;
Foreseeing with precision,
For each event that might betide
He made a due provision.
And this the virtue that he preached
He crossed the bridge before 'twas reached.

Another was of bolder stuff
Such petty worry spurning.
He cast his die and staked his all
Beyond all backward turning.
Such was the daring of his mind
He crossed and burned his bridge behind.

The third the caution of the first
Among his assets reckoned,
Combined with that in high degree
The boldness of the second
And thus equipped to do it right
She played bridge morning, noon and night.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

THE CANAL ZONE'S HEALTH.

A Reply to the Statement of the Secretary of War.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of Friday the Honorable Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson, says in defence of the orders of the War Department which "in effect exempted reputable Christian Science practitioners from the necessity of being licensed doctors of medicine," that they "merely followed the legislation of a large and important number of States" on the ground that "obedience to the sanitary laws is exacted at the pain of criminal prosecution of every practitioner, whether medical or Christian Science." One of the most important of the regulations is involved in my query in the letter of January 14, "whether the public should not at least be protected against contagion and infection from unreported and unguarded diseases." The Secretary's defence is in reply to this question. It would be the height of temerity on my part to enter into a polemic contest, even if with a gentleman who is not only a great lawyer but who has proved his earnest championship of the public welfare at all times. But the best interests of suffering humanity demand this humble rejoinder.

My information is that "the large and important number of States" by the legislation of which the Secretary would justify his action consists of Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, South Dakota and Tennessee. If comparisons were not odious it might be averred that these are among the smallest and least important States of the Union, and being only five out of more than forty could hardly be regarded as "a large number." In the most important State, New York, a decision against the construction of Christian Science practice for pay on the absurd ground of its being "a religious tenet" is still sub judice. It would seem that the reporting of contagious diseases to the health authorities is practically impossible for the Christian Science practitioner, even if he were willing to stultify himself for mercenary reasons, which, I believe, would rarely happen.

1. He could not conscientiously recognize "a mortal error of the mind" and report it as a disease.

2. He lacks the medical training to make a diagnosis which often baffles the most accomplished diagnostician in the early stages of infectious diseases, when report to the health authorities is most serviceable for the limitation of the spread.

3. Many of these practitioners "give absent treatment" when it is inconvenient to visit the patient. How is the healer to diagnose such a case and report it?

It is to be hoped that the large minded administration of the Canal Zone will not hesitate to change this dangerous order, which, salutary though it may be, is bound to fail of execution. B.

NEW YORK, January 20.

"DAN TUCKER."

The Dance and the Words of It in Old Kentucky.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When I lived in Kentucky we used to dance a quadrille or square dance called Dan Tucker. There was an extra man who occupied the centre of the square formed by the other dancers. The negro "orchestry" at these dances always had a "caller" who sang while he called off the figures, usually a fat negro with a rich bass voice, who played the big bass violin.

The figures in the dance were practically those of the ordinary quadrille, modified to suit the occasion. For instance, the bass voice would call out "All hands round Tucker" or "Ladies, hands round Tucker." When the ladies circled round the unfortunate man the call would be for them to "forward all." If the girls were a little diffident the caller would cry "forward again" until the circle of clasped pretty hands of the girls would be thrust unceremoniously in Tucker's confused countenance and all around his head. Then the call would come for Tucker to "swing the ladies." When the grand right and left was announced Tucker was commanded to join in. At the order to "promenade all" each man seized a "partner," that is, each one who was fortunate enough to secure one did so, and the man who was left over was placed in the centre as Dan Tucker.

The first verse, however, as sung by the caller, differed from the one published in THE SUN of January 18, the Kentucky version being:

Ole Dan Tucker clum a tree.
He clum so high he couldn't see,
A lizzard caught him by the snout
An' he hollered foh a niggah to pull him out.
Git out the way, Ole Dan Tucker, &c.

Our version of "Old Aunt Dinah" ran this way:

Ole Aunt Dinah she got drunk, eber little soul a boun'; to shine!
She fell into the fire, ka-flunk, eber little soul a-bounto shine.
A red coal got in her shoe—eber little soul a boun' to shine.
Golly, how dem ashes flew, eber little soul a boun' to shine—Lawd!

FLUSHING, January 19. DAN BEARD.

REFRACTORY CUMBERLAND.

She Wouldn't Take the Largesse Offered by Skibo's Pauky Chiel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Racine, Wis., is not the only town in these United States that has the distinction of having declined the proffer of a library from the Laird of Skibo. Several years ago Cumberland, the second city of Maryland and known as the Queen City of the Cumberland Valley, flatly refused to accept a library donation at his hands. Doubtless there are others.

If the "recall," which is so much advertised, could be applied to the Carnegie libraries throughout the country, how many would survive? F. C. C.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., January 18.

The "Recall of the Judiciary" in the Declaration of Independence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In all the controversy which has raged over the question of the recall of Judges I have seen no reference to the fact that this very subject formed one of the grievances against King George of England, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence. Here is what that document has to say:

He has made Judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

Is not the uncertain tenure of office in this case the chief point at issue? Might not a body of voters as well as a king make a Judge subservient to their whims by making the tenure of office uncertain? Was not Jefferson opposed to the recall?

HENRY M. TOD.

NEW YORK, January 20.

Renunciation.

So very deeply I loved Adelaide,
I did the things that she would have me do;
I gave up smoking just to please the maid,
I gave up cards, I gave up billiards too.

Since turn about's fair play, her hand I sought—
What joys, I dreamed, would henceforth fill my cup!
She ought to give up something too, I thought—
Alas! 'twas only I that she gave up!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

Four Ages of a Boom.

Boom.
Bloom.
Gloom.
Doom.

THE UPLIFTER.

Did Grover Cleveland Really Describe Him With Adjective and Noun?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Whatever may have been the views of a distinguished Democrat regarding the controversial methods and moral solvency of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, sometime of Princeton, all who have read the latest section of his biography, I had almost said autobiography, in the *World's Work* magazine will concede to him the title of the greatest self-confessed Apostle of Uplift in history; for while the article is not signed by the doctor those familiar with his style cannot doubt its source. Verily, though the hand be that of Esau, the voice is the voice of Jacob.

The latest phase of the Uplifter's progress deals with the Princeton controversy of two years ago. In the details of this I am not interested, but as a piece of self-revelation the doctor's story is important; for in addition to his political goal has he not set before himself the comprehensive task of "lifting, lifting, lifting the mind of successive generations from age to age"? The narration of his record at Princeton casts an important light on his political methods thus far shown.

It appears that in 1907 the Uplifter begot by inspiration out of aspiration a complete scheme for the social regeneration of college life, known as the "quadrangle system." This was more than a plan or a remedy; it was a touchstone by which Pure Democracy could be tried. Consent to the scheme showed inherent democracy; dissent showed "snobbery and aristocracy." The application of this test proved, to the doctor's surprise and dismay, that the men and measures in which his soul had previously delighted were as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. It became, in fact, a question whether the doctor's exclusive and proprietary grasp upon the Spirit of Social Democracy did not constitute a monopoly within the meaning of the law.

There was a certain professor who had been on the faculty for over twenty years, and who had recently been described by the doctor as an "indispensable counsellor," and "one of the chief ornaments of the place," who failed to meet this searching and conclusive test, and thenceforth was persona non grata to the doctor and his disciples. In 1903 this professor (as instructed) had published a plan for a graduate college, which the Uplifter had completely indorsed in the preface, and even more completely in later messages and speeches. When, in 1909, the sum of one million dollars was offered to this graduate college the doctor discovered that the plan, as well as its author, was a menace to democracy, and after much wrangling disrupted his board of trustees on the question of accepting or rejecting this offer, known as the "Procter" gift. He stated that he had indorsed the plan out of "offhand good will," but, having now more carefully examined it, had "changed his mind." Still, he did cause the board to be quietly informed that if the professor in question were retired objections to the plan and the gift would be waived; for regarding this professor he had also "changed his mind." He proposed to the donor a change in the terms of the gift, but when Mr. Procter formally consented he again "changed his mind." Mr. Procter then withdrew his offer, "for reasons," as the doctor remarked, "incomprehensible to me."

A year after this quarrel began a Mr. Wyman of Salem, Mass., left about $3,000,000 to the graduate college at Princeton, naming the same professor as a trustee of the fund, while Mr. Procter renewed his offer. Dr. Wilson again "changed his mind," and both sums were accepted.

Alas, his kinetoscopic convictions had received a mortal wound and the Uplifter turned to politics under the guidance of ex-Senator Smith, bound only by "principles of honor" and upheld by the hope of a Carnegie pension. Thus departed "that spirit which for a while had moved like a refreshing breeze on campus and in hall" departed to Trenton, being fortunately transportable, though not transferable. Still it was the same spirit, as indicated by the "breeze" which at once began to refresh Democratic circles in New Jersey. In politics one may, of course, use a "hoss" as long as convenient, and disown him later for personal advantage. It is one thing to hold a candle for the devil, but quite another to coax the devil to hold a candle for you, for the end justifies the means.

Again, lofty indifference to pecuniary gain is easy when the gain is not to yourself personally. Rage at a group which is alleged to value money above uplift may be quite in order, but the doctor is reticent about individuals who value money more than the welfare of the widow and the fatherless. Indeed, as has been so justly observed, "Why should we be benevolent to the self-supporting?" Why be so delicate about our institutions and so indelicate about ourselves? A debate on this point between Mr. Carnegie and the doctor would be interesting.

I commend to the critical the adjuration of the Hon. Seth Pecksniff, gazing at the constellations: "Do not strive and struggle to better yourselves, my benighted friends, but Look up There with me."

Admittedly the social disturbance arising from clubs, fraternities and cliques has been felt in most of our colleges and high schools. Various remedies have been discussed, some tried and some rejected. Princeton, however, is probably the only institution to suffer public assault from her president because the board differed with him, not on the problem itself but as to the cure. So unusual a course might almost raise the question of motive.

In the high patriotism which impels a Brutuslike sacrifice of his alma mater on the altar of truth the Uplifter stands alone. Not the loyalty that distinguishes college alumni, not the memory of former friendships, not even the suspicions of promoting political interests at the expense of his former charge, can restrain the Governor when the divine impulse to unleash the spirit seizes him. It is merely the incidental regard of virtue that a really well laundered Democracy shines forth like the noonday sun against a blackened background of snobbery and aristocracy.

It cannot be true that Grover Cleveland ever described Dr. Wilson as a "moral bankrupt." Shall it not be replied to carping critics who profess to find moral delinquency in the changing angles from which the Uplifter views the truth that the height of aspiration may be measured by the distance between a man's ideals and his conduct?

In the latter part of the Princeton controversy the doctor was accustomed to offer thanks that he could change his mind. He has recently done much the same in politics. His record offers evidence that his gratitude is well founded. It is fortunate that, securely anchored to the rock of truth by "principles of honor," he can by a slight adjustment of his cable swing freely with the tide. Perhaps in thus seeing truth from many viewpoints one becomes an unimpeachable authority thereon. The sting of inconsistency becomes powerless against a frank and winning confession of previous error, but it is a defence that can be worn out. True, his course has brought some personal sacrifices, among which it may be noted that he is acquiring a rather unusual list of ex-friends, both academic and political. Recent events indicate a soughing of the "breeze," and movement of the mobile convictions toward national politics. Letters are published and promised which may cause the doctor to make more safety touchdowns.

Is the chalice of Pitiless Publicity to be now commended to the lips which first rolled forth that alliterative and resounding phrase?

There is something pathetic in the gentle melancholy and subtle hopelessness of the Uplifter when he says "There is no quarrelling with the dead." Peace, troubled soul; should thy lust for conflict be then unsatisfied thou canst quarrel with them at the Resurrection. ONE OF THE UPLIFTED.

PRINCETON, N. J., January 20.

How Little the World Knows Its Greatest Men.

From the California Traveller De Luxe.

Bud S. Coler, former State Comptroller of New York, arrived here yesterday.

SENATOR STEPHENSON IS EXONERATED

Senate Investigating Committee's Report on the Case Made Public.

CORRUPTION NOT PROVED

Senators Kern, Lea and Kenyon May Join in a Minority Report—Exciting Debate Expected.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Allegations that Senator Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin was elected to the Senate as the result of corruption were not proven, according to the findings of the sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, which made public its report to-day. The report was made to the full committee and was signed by four of the five members of the sub-committee. Three of the Senators who signed the report are Republicans, and one, Pomerene of Ohio, a Democrat. The three Republicans were Senators Heyburn of Idaho, chairman of the sub-committee, Sutherland of Utah and Bradley of Kentucky. The fifth member, who failed to sign the report, Paynter of Kentucky, is a Democrat. His only reason for failing to concur in the conclusions of his colleagues on the sub-committee is the fact that he was unable to be present during the investigation. The report says:

Your sub-committee has given the fullest consideration to all of the testimony introduced and has considered its weight and effect under the rules pertaining to the investigation, and is of the opinion that the charges preferred against Senator Isaac Stephenson have not been sustained, and your committee finds that the election of said Isaac Stephenson as a Senator of the United States from Wisconsin was not procured by corrupt methods or practices, and there were not used or employed corrupt methods or practices in said election of Isaac Stephenson.

The entire report does not comprise more than 250 words. The rest of the report is devoted to a recital of the circumstances under which the investigation was conducted.

At least three Senators are not satisfied with the mild way in which the committee disposes of the Stephenson case. Senators Kern of Indiana, Lea of Kentucky and Kenyon of Iowa will probably join in a minority report, in which they will condemn the expenditure of so large a sum of money as $100,000, which Senator Stephenson admits having spent, and will say that such an amount could not have been expended for the legitimate needs of the campaign.

Senator La Follette is not likely to acquiesce in the conclusions of the committee and a very exciting debate on the floor of the Senate is expected when the Stephenson report is taken up for consideration. It is not probable, however, that the report of the committee will be rejected. The fact that the two Democratic members of the committee that conducted the investigation are satisfied with the conclusions is likely to have some influence with the Democratic members of the Senate, it is thought, and Senator La Follette has but a small following among the Republicans.

The full Committee on Privileges and Elections agreed to receive the report to-day and make it public, but action was deferred on the question of approving the report until a meeting to be held two weeks from to-day. This postponement was taken at the request of Senator Kenyon of Iowa.

Senator Heyburn, chairman of the sub-committee, it is understood, will make a report that is likely to create something of a sensation. This will be merely an individual expression of opinion. He has condemned very strongly the men who brought the charges and then failed to produce the proofs. He may have something to say on the operation of the primary election system.

According to Senator Stephenson's sworn statement, he expended approximately $107,000 in his campaign before the people of Wisconsin to secure a majority of the votes of the Republicans in the State primary. This is a larger sum of money than has been alleged as the sum expended to elect Senator Lorimer.

Some of the members of the committee were disposed to draw a parallel between the Lorimer case and the Stephenson case and to point out the temptation for the expenditure of vast sums of money to influence a direct election for United States Senator. After some discussion a majority of the sub-committee deemed it prudent to omit any conclusions along this line, but it is certain that some observations as to the use of money in direct elections may find their way into one of the supplemental reports yet to be filed expressive of individual views.

There is a feeling also among some members of the committee that the action of Senator La Follette's political lieutenants should not be allowed to pass without characterization. The investigation of Senator Stephenson was forced by the La Follette men.

The committee wrestled with the Stephenson report for more than two hours to-day. The report as finally made public was mild compared with the one originally written by Chairman Heyburn. Senator Pomerene disapproved of the first report prepared by Mr. Heyburn and threatened to submit a minority report unless the majority views were toned down. It was the desire of the sub-committee to present a unanimous report on the main question involved, and to secure the concurrence of Senator Pomerene the majority view was modified.

CONFEDERACY DAUGHTERS.

Veteran Camp of New York Their Guests at Annual Reception.

Members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York were the guests of honor at the annual reception of the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Astor. About 450 men and women attended. Mrs. James Henry Parker, president of the chapter, and Mrs. A. J. Dickinson received. Among the guests were Mrs. James T. Halsey, president of the Dabney Maury Chapter of Philadelphia; Mrs. William R. Stewart, president of the Knickerbocker Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. J. Helen Crossman, president of the National Society of Patriotic Women of America; Mrs. William B. Chapman, president of the Rubinstein Club; Mrs. Augustus Milton Anderson, president of the Dixie Club; Mrs. Gerard Bancker, president of the New York State Women's Club; Mrs. Robin Allen Lau, director-general of the New York State Children of the Confederacy; Mrs. Catherine von Klenner, president of the Women's Press Club; Mrs. William Cummings Story, president of the New York D. A. R.; Mrs. W. W. Ford, president of the Southland Club; Mrs. Howard McNutt, president of the Minerva Club, and Dr. and Mrs. Simon Baruch.